

As usual, I don't own anything

A Christmas present – set during the Christmas holidays during the Half-Blood Prince film.

Muggle Romancing

"That should do it," Arthur Weasley said, lowering his wand. He and his family, along with Harry Potter, had finished putting out a huge fire, which Death Eaters had started, trying to burn down the Burrow.

"I'm glad everyone escaped injury and that you were able to save your home." Everyone turned at the sound of the voice which belonged to Albus Dumbledore. He looked at Harry and motioned him to follow his headmaster, which Harry did.

"It's obvious, Harry, that I made a mistake allowing you to leave the Dursleys early," Dumbledore said. "The blood wards are almost inactive, so it'll mean you have to return there for rest of the Christmas holidays along with the Easter holidays."

Harry looked at him with horror – this would be the worst Christmas he ever had since he had started at Hogwarts.

"Professor – are you serious – it's Christmas Day in two days time. Do you know how I will spend it? I will probably be sent to my old room in the cupboard under the stairs for the rest of the holidays with no food and any presents I may receive will either be destroyed or given to Dudley," Harry said.

"That may be so, but you must go there for your own safety. I will ask Molly to keep your presents safe so Ronald and Ginevra can give them to you on return to Hogwarts, but your return will depend on the state of the blood wards." Dumbledore walked away and spent a few minutes having a heated discussion with Molly Weasley before returning to Harry. He took Harry's arm and disappeared.

They reappeared outside the Dursleys' home. Dumbledore knocked the door. Petunia opened it and saw the two. Judging by the look on her face, she was expecting Harry. Dumbledore nodded and disappeared.

"You had better come in and go to the cupboard," Petunia said, "I will not have you ruining Christmas for us."

"Christmas has already been ruined for me by having to come here, so this is what I will do," Harry said. "I will find somewhere to spend the rest of the holidays. This way, I won't be ruining things for your oh-so-precious Duddy-kins."

Vernon came to the door. "What's taking so long Pet?" he asked then saw Harry. "What are you wearing? Where did you steal them from?"

"For your information, 'Uncle'," Harry said, "I brought these clothes with my own money."

"You don't have money, boy! Now take them off so we can give them to Dudley." Vernon ordered.

"No. I inherited money from my parents," Harry said, "Contrary to what you may think, my parents were rich. Now, I'm off." Harry turned and started to walk away.

"Now listen here freak!" Vernon shouted, "You will turn over that money to us right now otherwise I'll kill you where you stand."

"That won't achieve anything," Harry said. "I've written my will and nothing goes to you. Now, why don't you go back in before Prince Dudley's Christmas is ruined?" Harry ran to the nearest bus stop and pegged down a nearby bus before Vernon could get him.

Harry got off the bus outside the underground station where he met Dumbledore in that summer. He went in down to find the cafe, hoping to find the girl he arranged a date with that summer when the Headmaster took him away. He found her – a black girl who was aged around 18, and walked up to her.

"Hello," he said. She turned and looked at him. Then she slapped him across the face.

"Don't you 'hello' me. Do you realise how stupid I felt, looking for you after your grandfather arrived?" she asked.

"I'm sorry – my grandfather was in a rush and refused to let me explain things to you. Please allow me to make it up to you by taking you out tonight," Harry said.

Amy looked at her boss, who told her she could go. "Alright, but if you let me down again, I won't give you another chance."

The two went to the cinema to see the film Star Trek: First Contact – not the sort of film to take a date on, but there wasn't anything Amy wanted to see without going to America and she was really keen to see it. The two held hands throughout and she buried her face in his chest throughout some scary scenes.

After the film finished, the two found a fish and chips shop and Harry walked her home.

"Where do you go to school?" she asked.

"I go to a school called Hogwarts in Scotland. It's a boarding school which my parents attended. It was their wish I went there so I went there to honour their memories, although my mother's sister didn't want me to go."

"That's not nice of her," Amy said.

"There are not a lot of nice things about her," Harry said. Amy stopped next to a block of flats.

"This is my place. Thanks for a nice night out," she said.

"It's alright. I'm glad you enjoyed it," Harry answered. He kissed her on the cheek. The two looked at each other, and then they kissed on the lips.

"Do you want to come in?" Amy asked. The two went in.

Over the following week and a half, Harry and Amy spent almost every minute they could together. On Christmas Eve, Harry went into London and came back with a present for Amy. She had brought him something too and on Christmas Day, they exchanged gifts. She had brought him a Star Trek VI – The Undiscovered Country video, Harry having got the taste for the franchise while

watching First Contact at the cinema. Harry brought her a necklace which she had seen in a jewellery shop during their date.

"Thank you, Harry! I love you!" Amy said, throwing herself upon Harry.

On Boxing Day, the two took a walk into London. He had hoped the Gringotts goblins had done what they had promised and removed the Fidelius Charm and Muggle repelling charms from number 12. The two walked into Grimmauld Place and walked towards number 12.

"I inherited this house when my godfather died in June," Harry said, "I've been having it done up and this is the first chance I've had to see how it's going on."

The two walked up the steps and Harry opened the door and the two walked in. The differences were in evidence straight away. The walls were now a bright colour and as they walked through the house, Harry discovered that Dobby had managed to remove Mrs. Black's portrait. There was a note which Harry opened and read while Amy was using the bathroom.

Master Harry,

With the help of friends of Dobby, we managed to clean up the house. The portrait was hard to remove but we destroyed it and rebuilt the wall. All the dark objects have been put into a Gringotts vault awaiting your decision what to do with it.

There is a locket among them with the seal of Slytherin which radiated some very dark magic. Gringotts have experts who can deal with it.

Dobby.

Harry had to admit it, Dobby and the other elves had done a very good job. He noticed his trunk had been placed in the master bedroom. Hedwig was also on a perch in the room. Amy really took to her.

Meanwhile, at the Burrow, tempers were flared over Dumbledore's decision to make Harry stay with the Dursleys over Christmas instead of the Burrow. Harry's presents remained under the tree, no-one knowing if they would ever be opened. The Weasleys were lucky that all that was damaged in the fire was the exterior of the house, Fred and George having paid to have it all repaired.

No-one had noticed that Hedwig and Harry's trunk had vanished.

Before long, it was time for the students to return to Hogwarts. The night before it was time, Harry took Amy aside. They were having dinner at Number 12.

"Do you see this relationship lasting?" he asked her.

"I would love it to continue," she said, "Do you get Easter holidays off?" she asked.

"Yes, we do. But there is something I need to tell you, so please keep an open mind."

"Alright."

"There is another world – a world of witchcraft and wizardry. I am a wizard." Harry told her.

"Oh." Amy replied, not knowing how to react.

"I've not told you before because we have secrecy laws and I wanted to see how we were going to progress before telling you."

"I understand. Does your secrecy laws stretch to showing me anything?"

"Normally, yes but this was my godfather's house – his father put on all sorts of security so the Ministry of Magic can't track spells cast here."

Harry got his wand out and cast a variety of spells, which impressed his girlfriend.

"Is it true witches ride brooms? All the books I've read which involve witches have them flying brooms." She asked.

"Yes we do. There is a sport called Quidditch on which you ride brooms." He explained how Quidditch was played. "I'll have to see if I can get you a recording of one game."

The next morning, before she went to work, Harry promised to write to Amy and to meet her in the Easter Holidays, them being the first time he would leave Hogwarts for those particular holidays. They shared a huge kiss, Amy having to get into work on the early shift. Harry gave her a key to number 12 and a bank-card, her waitress job not paying much, with the promise she could spend whatever she wanted.

Please review, with thanks to all who do..

I have planned for this to be a multi-chapter fic so if you would like it to be one, speak up.